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WILD BOY OF BOHEMIA.

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THE WILD BOY OF BOHEMIA;

OR, THE FORCE OF NATURE:

A Melo-Drama,

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

JOHN WALKER.

Printed from the Acting Copy, with remarks, Biographical and Critical, by D.—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A description of the Costume, Cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

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REMARKS.

The Wild Boy of Bohemia.

There is a romantic interest in those primitive times,

'When in the woods the noble savage ran;'

bivouacking with his brother bruins, hirsute and in buff! We remember, in our youthful days, listening with astonishment to the tales of garrulous grandams touching '*Peter the Wild Boy;*' and the bait that first tempted us to nibble at Roman history, and fairly hooked us, was the legend of Romulus and Remus. We longed to have been wet-nursed by a wolf! But, alas! more prosaic prejudices have since come over us. With all our respect for the *hairy*-stocracy of the woods and forests, we incline to trimmed locks, pared nails, and reaped chins. Let the 'noble savage' prance over his native prairies, *Adamite* fashion; *Moses and Sons* for our money! We are happy to make the acquaintance of Orson, and of the son of Sorceress Sycorax, 'a *club*-able man,' as Sam Johnson would say, though not exactly fitted for

'The nice conduct of a clouded cane,'

with the fiddlers and the stage-lights between us; though a *tête-a-tête* with these delicate monsters in the drawing-room might be anything but agreeable. We were once present when a newly imported Wild Man, with a physiognomical expression excruciatingly comical, was being exhibited in a full suit of regimentals. Having viewed himself with grinning complacency in a looking-glass, he took a particular, and somewhat inconvenient, fancy to one of the spectators (a late laughter-provoking, low-comedy droll, with an unique *vis comica*) that seem'd to say, 'Am I not, too, a brother?'

This melodrama opens merrily, upon a marriage morn. The Postmaster of Bohemia's son, Carl, is the happy husband of the village belle Marinette. Pop goes—not the 'weasel,' but the Rhenish corks, to toast the young couple, and the rollicking Postmaster has hardly responded to the kind wishes of his guests, ere a bird of ill-omen from the neighbouring Castle arrives, and delivers a packet to the bridegroom, addressed to Father Jerome at the college of the Jesuits. Now this college lies through the Hercynian Forest, a rendezvous for wild beasts and robbers; and the traveller who dares its perilous path is too often meat for the one, and money for the other! The command, however, is imperative. The Baron, a bully-rock of the true Bohemian breed, will brook neither denial nor delay; Carl therefore screws up his courage, bids good-bye to his weeping bride, promises the disappointed villagers they shall finish their dance on his return; pipes them a parting jig, crosses the bridge, and wends his way.

Threading the thick mazes of the forest, he pauses at a dismal glen; and the first remarkable object that presents itself is a cross, erected to the memory of Count Czartoryski, who

was murdered near the spot. He then suddenly comes upon a wild bear, hotly pursued by hunters—trembling with fright, he scrambles up a tree. The bear is soon speared to death by the Bohemian Baron and his party, when a new visitor appears upon the scene—The Wild Boy of the Forest!

The huntsmen attempt to seize the interesting young savage; but the Wild Boy, breaking a huge branch from a tree, beats them off bravely. Cratzlaw, one of the huntsmen, is about to fire; but the Baron forbids him. Take the nondescript alive, and five hundred golden ducats shall be his captor's reward. In the sequel, Cratzlaw nearly gets his quietus from the Wild Boy, and is borne off bleeding.

Our Orpheus, whose pastoral pipe had once disarmed and charmed a mad bull, now tries its effect upon the Wild Boy. *Piano, pianissimo, forte, con spirito.* The savage is variously affected by its sweet sounds. Looking upwards to discover whence they proceed, he espies Carl. To climb the tree, and bring down the minstrel, is the work of a moment. Carl's last hour is now come! Good-bye, dear Marinette! Now to pipe his requiem! The Wild Boy dances with extasy, and, having exhausted himself, falls conquered at Carl's feet.

A traveller, faint and weary, is being led by the forest hermit to his cell, when the packet, dropped by Carl in his fright, is discovered lying on the green sward. 'Tis a hasty summons to Father Jerome from the Baron, to join him in holy wedlock to the widow of the murdered Count Czartoryski.

Again is the pipe of Carl heard in the distance by his anxious and watchful bride. Another flourish, and he bounds over the bridge into her arms! But who, in the name of wonder, has he got with him? Why, a handsome fortune, good folks! Five hundred golden ducats! The village gossips gather round him, but keep a prudent distance from the Wild Boy, staring at him with astonishment and terror.

In vain does the Baron seek to bend the Countess to his will; she despises his fulsome compliments, and sternly rejects his suit. Dare he employ force? From the highest battlement of his proud castle will she plunge into mid air, rather than submit. But the Baron is both wary and calculating. The Countess and her large possessions are a prize too rich to lose. Once wedded to her, and he will be the wealthiest lord in the land.

The Castle Chapel being gorgeously prepared for the marriage solemnity, and Father Jerome having arrived *in pontificalibus*, the captive Countess is conducted in by torchlight from her prison-chamber. Among the visitors is Carl, who has come to claim his promised reward, and to turn over the Wild Boy to the safe keeping of Baron Leitzimer. And now transpires a new wonder! Why those expressive gestures of the Wild Boy, when he first beholds the Countess? Why has the magic pipe, in her presence, lost its wonted charm? His savage nature has left him, and he crouches affectionately at her feet! And who is that panic-stricken wretch, ghastly and guilty, that craves audience? 'Tis Cratzlaw, the Baron's creature, who

comes to mar his marrige feast, and to ask forgiveness of his prisoner. Forgiveness? For what injury? For having attempted the life of her husband—but—death now chokes the assassin's utterance, and lets him only add falteringly (pointing to the Wild Boy), 'He is your son!'

But is the Count Czartoryski still in the land of the living? Behold him in the canonicals of Father Jerome!

To enliven these serious and sombre scenes, the author has judiciously sprinkled some crumbs of conceit and drollery. The Postmaster Gawinski is a wag—cocking his cocked hat; leading the dance and chorus; chucking the lasses under the chin, and making himself so provokingly agreeable, that Madame Gawinski (the most peaceable woman in the world, let her have her own sweet will) is obliged to remind him, that in addition to a sharp tongue, she has ten talons (ten times sharper!) at his service. Carl, too, is a merry fellow, and a proper *pendant* to his Papa. In the midst of his tribulations and terrors, he has something comical to say; and, like a skilful alchymist, extracts mirth out of misfortune. His first encounter with the Wild Boy, when fright gradually gives way to confidence, and confidence (so powerfully reciprocated by the young savage!) warms into affection, is both natural and pleasing. The other characters play their parts well—more particularly the Wild Boy, whose dumb action appeals both to the eye and to the heart. Altogether this is a very popular and interesting melodrama. Mr. John Walker is the author.

☞ D.——G.

Cast of the Characters.

As originally performed.

Baron Leitzimer	Mr. Hemming.
Cratzlaw	Mr. Campbell.
Plotzko	Mr. Laurence.
Count Czartoryski	Mr. Ridgway.
Gawinski	Mr. Buckingham.
Carl	Mr. Vale.
Orloff	Mr. Bradley.
Bumboski	Mr. J. Ridgway.
Hermit of the Glen	Mr. Darnley.
The Wild Boy	Mr. Le Clercq.
Countess Czartoryski	Miss A. F. Darnley.
Mrs. Gawinski	Mrs. Darnley.
Jejowski	Mrs. Young.
Marinette	Madame Le Clercq.

Costume.

BARON LEITZIMER.—Blue tunic, trimmed with white ermine and gold—red pantaloons, embroidered—russet boots.

COUNT CZARTORYSKI.—*First dress:* Large black mantle—russet boots. *Second dress:* Scarlet tunic, gold trimmings—white tights—russet boots.

CRATZLAW.—Brown tunic—brown pantaloons—russet boots—brown Polish hunting-hat and black feathers.

PLOTZKO.—Brown jacket—blue Polish trowsers, black stripe.

GAWINSKI.—Brown doublet and small-clothes—red stockings—black belt—large brown hat—black shoes and buckles—white favours.

CARL.—Blue jacket with skirts—orange-coloured trowsers, blue striped outside seam—fancy cap—white favours—pipe suspended from neck.

HERMIT OF THE GLEN.—Black gown—sandals, &c.

BUMBOSKI.—White loose jacket, trowsers, and cap.

WILD BOY.—Fleshing arms, legs, and body, with fillet of green leaves round loins and over shoulders.

COUNTESS CZARTORYSKI.—Yellow silk petticoat, richly embroidered—blue dress to the knees, embroidered—short sleeves—coronet and veil.

MARINETTE.—Scarlet petticoat—short dress, clasped in front—white favours.

MRS. GAWINSKI.—Brown petticoat—brown dress—sleeves—fancy cap.

JEJOWSKI.—Orange dress—blue petticoat—scarf—white sleeves—fancy Polish cap.

Hunters, Peasants, &c.—Blue jackets—brown trowsers—black belts—hunting-horns.

THE WILD BOY OF BOHEMIA;

OR,

THE FORCE OF NATURE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Country—in the distance a Bridge —The House of Postmaster Gawinski*, R., *outside of which is a table, with fruit—Sun rising—Sounds of Village Bells.*

Enter GAWINSKI *and his Wife, from the Cottage*, R.

Gaw. Have you got all ready, my dear! eh, Mrs. Gawinski?—Uncorked the Rhenish, and all that sort of thing? I say, what do you think of my new hat? There's a dash for you!

Mrs. G. Think, indeed, that it's much too fine for an old fellow like you!

Gaw. La, Mrs. G.! Isn't it our son's wedding-day? our only son, Mrs. G., the darling of our hearts! the pride of the village! the mischief-maker among all the girls! and the flower of Bohemia! and as like, as every body says, as like his father as one pea is like another.

Mrs. G. Fiddle-de-dee about what the people say! I think a man at your time of life, Mr. G., ought to mind something else than what people say, and cocking his hat in that ridiculous way, as if he were only five-and-twenty instead of five-and-forty.

Gaw. Well, my duck! that's only two years older than yourself, you know.

Mrs. G. What is that you say? Now I tell you what, Mr. Gawinski, although it is our son's wedding-day, and I wish everything to be peaceable, and you know I am the most peaceable woman on earth,—yet, if I see you pinching, nudging, or winking at any of the girls that come to the dance, you shall have as nice an impression of my hand on your face, as ever you had in your life;—so mind that, Mr. Gawinski.

Gaw. My dear, I mind everything you say—you are so mild!

Mrs. G. Don't mild me!

[*Sound of Carl's pipe in the distance.*

Gaw. Ah! there's my boy's pipe! don't you hear, my love! my dear!

Mrs. G. Yes, I hear.

Gaw. The sound of it makes me jump again. [*Dancing and singing.*] Tol lol de rol lol! Ah! here they come, all of them,—Marinette, and lots of pretty girls.

Mrs. G. Remember what I promised you, Mr. G.

Enter CARL, L., *on the bridge, which he passes over, playing his pipe and dancing.* MARINETTE *and Villagers following—They come forward, dancing,* R. U. E.—*Gawinski catches hold of a Village-Girl, and joins in the dance—Mrs. G. attempts to follow him, but the Villagers join hands and dance round her.*

Carl. That's right, father! that's right, mother!

Mrs. G. Stop! stop! stop!

[*They dance awhile longer, then stop, Carl kneeling to his Mother.*

Carl. Your blessing, mother! [*Turning to Marinette.*] Marinette, kneel for the blessing, to mother and father.

[*Marinette kneels.*

Mrs. G. Well—there, there—you have my blessing—I wish you both happy and comfortable.

Gaw. And I a great deal more than that!

Carl. Yes, to be sure, a great deal more—What shall it be, Marinette?—Plenty of money, plenty of pigs and poultry, or plenty of little ones?

Mar. What! little pigs?

Carl. [*Chucking her under the chin.*] No, you rogue, little—you know what!

Gaw. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! How the dog takes after his father! There, bless you! may you have plenty of everything, and may I live to grandfather as many Gawinskies as will make a dozen.

Carl. That is a blessing!

Gaw. And here's a purse for the bride, and a kiss into the bargain. [*Kisses Marinette.*

Mrs. G. [*Pulls him away.*] Mr. G!

Gaw. You will never let me enjoy myself! Now for the wine and cakes and fruit.—My brave lads and pretty lasses, bless you all! then for the dance again: the sun has risen beautifully—may there be no clouds to obscure its rays on this auspicious day.

[*Gawinski and his Wife sit at the cottage-door, and the dance is resumed, ad lib, Gawinski every now and then jumping up to join, but being restrained by Mrs. Gawinski—Orloff seen crossing the bridge.*

Enter ORLOFF, R U. E.

Mrs. G. Stop! stop! Here's somebody from the Castle, I think.

Carl. Why, if it isn't Mr. Orloff—just stepp'd from the Castle, to join us. Well, that is kind.

Orl. [*Advancing*] I have a packet!

Gaw. A packet?

Mrs. G. A packet?

Carl. A packet?

Orl. Yes, from the Baron.

Carl. From the Baron? What a good-natured, considerate, kind sort of a man the Baron must be. Knowing it to be my wedding-day, to send me a packet—I dare say of sweetmeats, with, I dare say, a dozen or two of his best old fine-flavoured Rhenish to follow. I don't know how to be grateful enough. Well, sit down, sit down; you must partake, you know.

Orl. I thank you, but I am in haste: this packet contains letters of importance, and must be instantly taken to Hableschwardt.

Gaw. What! through the Hercynian forest?

Orl. Yes, to the College of the Jesuits, there to be delivered to no one but Father Jerome. Dispatch is necessary,—in six hours the Baron will expect your return with the holy father.

Gaw. Dear me, I never can go in that time!

Orl. It is not required: the Baron, taking into consideration your age, gave special orders that no one should be entrusted with the commission but your son, Carl.

Carl. [*Alarmed.*] What, me? Oh, it's a mistake—I'm just married, you know—I've something else to do.

Mar. [*Aside, persuasively, to Orloff.*] I'm sure, sir, the Baron will not be cruel enough to part man and wife on their wedding-day!

Orl. His orders are peremptory, and must be obeyed.

Carl. But I really can't go!

Orl. Well, you can do as you please; I've delivered my message—so, good day! only remember that your father's situation of Postmaster perhaps depends on your present promptitude.—Fare you well! [*Goes off,* L. U. E., *and, when crossing the bridge, exclaims.*] Remember!

Carl. Here's a job for a man to do on his wedding-day!

Mrs. G. What's to be done? If the packet is not delivered, my husband will lose his situation; and, if it is, my son may be eaten up alive in that dreadful forest!

Gaw. No, hang it; my boy shall not go, either.—If the Baron hasn't more feeling for him, I have;—on his wedding-night, too! Oh, no, no, no,—it must not be.

Carl. [*Interposing.*] Never mind, father: although I should prefer a nice comfortable warm bed to a bleak forest, yet, sooner than you should go, I would, though I had fifty wives, and loved them fifty times better than I do my dear Marinette. Besides, Mr. Orloff said, I must go; so say no more about it.—Where did he say to?—The College of the Jesuits,—to Father Jerome? [*Looking at the packet.*] Yes, so says the packet, too—I wonder what it can be about?

Gaw. Depend on it, he sends for him that he may confess his sins.

Carl. [*Holding up the packet.*] And this is a small memorandum of his misdoings.

Mrs. G. More likely to get married to that fair captive he keeps confined in his castle.

Carl. Well, well! I care not what it's about, so that, when I come back, I find my dear Marinette safe and sound. Good-bye, father!—good-bye, mother!—good-bye, Marinette!

Mar. [*Crying*] Oh dear, dear!

Carl. Don't cry, dearest! we will be all the more happy when I return. Good bye, all—You'll all come again and finish the dance when you hear my pipe.

[*Music—Carl embraces his Father, Mother, and Marinette, and exit over the bridge, playing his pipe—all watching him.—Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*The Hercynian Forest,—A Cross,* L. *with a glove and dagger attached, bearing the inscription—'To the memory of Count Czartoryski, who was basely murdered near this spot, A. D.* 1742.'—*Entrance to cave,* C.

Enter HERMIT *of the Glen,* C.

Her. To taste the refreshing breeze of the morn have I wandered from my cell. How preferable is solitude to all the glare and noise of a tumultuous world, where deception reigns, and peace is a stranger to their homes. What do I hear, the sound of music?—'Tis some peasant. I will stand aside. [*Exit,* L.

Enter CARL, R.

Carl. I keep blowing and blowing, to keep life in me, till, hang it, I shall have blown all the breath out of my body.—[*To his pipe.*] Ah! old and faithful companion! my only consolation in misfortune! what should I do without you?—But where have I wandered to, and what is this? A sign-post! erected by some poor fellow who lost his way like me, and when he did find it, erected this to direct others That was kind of him, very kind. [*Reads.*] 'To the'—Ah! to the village of, I dare say—'To the memory'—why, if it isn't a tombstone made of wood! Here's a funny place for a churchyard! 'To the memory of Count Czartoryski, who was basely [*Spelling.*] mur'—oh dear! der—oh law!—ed—'murdered near this spot!'—Basely murdered! What a sanguinary spot!—Here's some more!—'Add 1742,'—add 1742! hang me, if I stop, they'll perhaps add me—then there'll be 1743.

Her. [*Re-entering and approaching,* R.] Benedicite!

Carl. Murder! murder! [*Exit,* L.

Her. My son! my son!—Stay! stay!

[*Exit,* L., *following.*

SCENE III.—*Continuation of Forest—Cave at back.*

Enter CARL, *running, out of breath,* R.

Carl. Oh dear! I think I've escaped him—I'm proof against everything but ghosts—called me 'Ben o' th' City!' I have now lost my way—and lost the packet—and nearly lost my wits; and perhaps shall be eaten up by some wild boar or bear, and not a bit of me be left for my dear Marinette. What shall I do? [*Noise of Huntsmen and horn—looks off,* L.] What do I see?—It's the Baron out hunting—[*Horn again.*] There's a horn—what an ominous sound on a man's wedding-day!

Huntsmen. [*Heard on side,* L.] This way! this way!—follow! follow!

Carl. They're coming this way; and, oh la! and a bear, too, I do declare. [*Growl of bear.*] What shall I do?—I shall be eaten up! I'll climb this tree—[*Climbs tree—looks out.*] I think I shall be snug here—and up higher there's an old crow's nest; I'll get into that—

[*Climbs out of sight.*

Enter Bear, pursued by the BARON LEITZIMER, CRATZLAW, *and Huntsmen.—Cratzlaw fires at Bear—Huntsmen spear it.* [*Bear dies.*

U. OF ILL. LIB.

Cratz. [*Apart.*] There, curse on your rough hide, well. have I cause to remember you and this spot.

CHORUS.—HUNTSMEN.

The day, the day's our own,
And yonder and yonder's the spoil,
And a haunch to the bone
Shall repay, shall repay us our toil.

Baron. Bear him to the Castle; his fattened haunch shall grace my wedding-table.

[*Huntsmen are raising it, when the Wild Boy springs from the cave, and stands over the Bear.*

Huntsmen 'Tis the Wild Boy of the forest!

Baron. Seize him, but hurt him not, and five hundred golden ducats to him who secures him alive! [*Cratzlaw presents pistol—Baron arrests his arm.*] At your peril!

Cratz. You will repent this clemency, my Lord—what chance have we to catch a savage who runs swifter than the mountain doe? [*Huntsmen attempt to seize the Wild Boy, who breaks branch from tree, defends himself, and flies off,* R., *Huntsmen and Baron following.*] I will not leave this spot—he will be sure to return, and then—

Re-enter WILD BOY—*Cratzlaw draws pistol, and fires without effect.—A furious combat then takes place—Cratzlaw receives a severe wound on the forehead, and staggers off—Wild Boy falls on Bear, takes up a limb, discovers wound, views his hands stained with blood, cries, and falls frantically on the Bear.*

Carl. [*Looking from tree*] All's quiet now.—What do I see?—Wildy on the bear? What a topper he hit that gentleman on the head. What shall I do? If I stop here any longer, I shall die of the ague, and if I come down, I shall perhaps be eaten up alive! he'll jump at a tender bit like me.—He's an affectionate creature, tho'—how he's crying for the loss of his mamma—I wonder whether she taught him to be civil to a gentleman—and if he has an ear for music?—I'll try my pipe,—it has helped me out of many a predicament, and once saved me from a wild bull. Ah, may its notes be now as propitious, and save me from Mr. Rough-and-tough!

[*Carl blows his pipe, first gently, then louder, and so on alternately, which is answered by the pantomimic gestures of the Wild Boy, who is pleased and vexed according to the variations of the tune—endeavouring to discover where the sound comes from.*

Dear me! how he cries and laughs and jumps about; why, I declare, he has quite an ear for it. [*Wild Boy looks about angrily.*] He begins to look rather hungry again—I'll give him another. [*Plays his pipe again.—Wild Boy perceives him and gazes with amazement.*] Oh! he sees me—how he shows his teeth! [*Wild Boy climbs tree, and seizes Carl by the leg and pulls him.*] Oh, it's all over with me. [*Kneels.*] spare me! have mercy! I'm only skin and bone. [*Wild Boy lifts up one arm of Carl's, then the other—puts his ear to each—being disappointed, in anger seizes Carl.*] I'm as dead as mutton! oh, my pipe! why have your notes failed? Well! we'll have a dying tune together. Good-bye, father! good-bye, mother! good-bye, Marinette! [*Sits down—plays pipe.—Wild Boy in joy puts his ear to it, and attempts to snatch it.*] No, you don't! [*Plays lively air—Wild Boy seizes it.*] Oh, it's all over—he's got it—he'll swallow it at a mouthful. [*Wild Boy blows it at the wrong end, and, failing to produce a sound, gives it to Carl again, who plays a merry tune.—Wild Boy, dancing and fascinated, falls at Carl's feet.*] Bravo! bravo! victory! victory! It has more effect on him than it had on the wild bull.—A thought strikes me!—Who knows but what dummy may, now his mamma is dead, take a fancy to me as his papa. If I only could coax him to my father's house, what a fortune it would be to take him to the castle, and receive the five hundred golden ducats—I'll try—[*Pats Wild Boy.*] Poor fellow!

[*Plays his pipe, and is going off,* L., *when Wild Boy runs to the Bear, and falls on it, shedding tears.*

Dear me, he sheds as many tears over Mrs. Bruin, as if he had been a regular-bred Christian!—I begin to feel rather funny myself. Ah, did every child have the same affection for its parent as Wildy has for that dumb creature, ingratitude would never exist. Come along, Wildy! say good-bye, mamma—good bye, trees! [*Plays pipe.*

[*Exeunt,* L.—*Wild Boy leaving Bear with regret, and following Carl.*

SCENE IV.—*The same as Scene* II.

Enter HERMIT, L.

Her. What swiftness does superstition lend to ignorance!—Poor youth! he may be lost in the mazes of the forest. I have endeavoured to trace him, but in vain.—I'll now to my cell—but I hear footsteps; and some one faint and weary approaches. [*Stands back.*

Enter CRATZLAW, *faint with loss of blood*, R.

Cratz. Each limb refuses its office—I shall faint! my wounds bleed afresh! and, ere I can reach the outskirts, this body must become a prey to the wild birds of the forest.—Oh! I faint. [*Falls.*

Her. [*Advancing.*] Can it be? Bleeding and nearly dead! some traveller waylaid by robbers. [*Binds up his wounds.*] Rise up, my son! [*Lifts up Cratzlaw.*] The neighbouring spring and the nourishing fare within my cell, though humble, will revive you. Come—come!

Cratz. Thanks, thanks!

Her. Hast thou been robbed?—Ah! and yonder comes one e'en faint as thyself. Dost thou know him?

Cratz. [*Looking off,* L.—*starts frantically.*] Ah! 'tis his wandering ghost, come to taunt me with my crimes! He comes—unhand me—the grave mocks me in my wildness! 'tis he!—unloose me! [*Breaks from Hermit, and exit,* R.

Enter COUNT CZARTORYSKI, *faint*, L.

Czar. Did I not see, Holy Father, a traveller like myself break from thee, as if some shadow from the dead tortured his agonized mind?

Her. Even so: dost thou know him?

Czar. Ask me not, but lend me thine arm—I want rest.

Her. By thy brow, which is high, thou bearest the mark of one who has seen noble days, though thy cheek is pale and thine eye dim.

Czar. Thy arm—thy arm!

[*Leans on Hermit, who, in leading him, kicks against the packet which Carl had dropped.*

Her. [*Picking up packet.*] What is this? It is a packet, and addressed to Father Jerome the Jesuit—and the seal is that of the Baron Leitzimer.

Czar. The Baron Leitzimer?

Her. Why start thus?

Czar. My mind is wandering.

Her. Did not religion arm one against such superstitious belief, I would say that something fearful is to happen. Ah! the writing stands fairly exposed to view, the seal by some accident being broken.

Czar. Read—read, holy father.

Her. [*Reads.*] '*The Baron Leitzimer requests of Father Jerome, that, for favours already received, he will use all possible dispatch, and hasten to the Castle of Wolfendorf, there to join his hand in holy wedlock with the Countess Czartoryski.*'

Czar. Gracious heaven! Is the being whom I long since believed dead, and whom I thought I should wed again in other skies, about to be married, and to the Baron Leitzimer, too? Haste with me, Holy Father, to thy cell, and I will all my tale relate—and then, by the aid of thy cloak and staff, soon will I meet the spoiler of all my days. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE V.—*Same as Scene* I.

MARINETTE *discovered, standing on the bridge.*

Mar. Here's night coming on, and my poor dear Carl has not yet returned—What am I to do? I won't go to bed by myself, that I won't!

Mrs. G. [*From window.*] Ah, you're there, are you? Can't be at rest, eh?—just like me when I was married.

Mar. I thought I heard Carl's pipe, mother-in-law, so I came out to see.

Mrs. G. You did?—Then I'll come down and try to hear, too. The sun has not yet set—he'll come back, depend on't. [*Leaves window*, R.

Mar. [*Listening.*] That sound again! If my ears do not deceive me, it is my Carl's pipe; so he can't be far off. I'll run to meet him, that I will! [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. G. [*From Cottage.*] What, gone? Marinette! Marinette!—Ah! there it is! I warrant she is gone as far as the outskirts of the forest, to see after that boy of mine;—this it is to get married,—anxious and fidgety, and jealous of everything and everybody;—not that I'm jealous—no, no, I am grown wise by experience, and make allowances—as all women ought to do. [*Retreats to cottage-door, which has blown-to.*] Ah! what? the door shut! and nobody inside but my husband and that Polish slut of a servant with him! [*Knocks at door.*] Husband, open the door, I say! Podowowski! Oh, you slut! I'll tear your eyes out.

Gaw. [*At window.*] What's the matter, deary?

Mrs. G. Oh, you hypocrite! to take advantage of my stepping outside for a minute, and to shut the door.—Come down, I say, or I'll break every bone in your skin. Where's that slut, you gray-headed deceiver?

Gaw. My dear, moderate your temper.

Mrs. G. Open the door!

Gaw. I'll come, Lovee! [*Exit, from window.*

Mrs. G. My back not turned a minute—the men are the very devil. [*Gawinski comes from cottage.—Mrs. G.*

whirls him away.] Stand out of the way—I'll tear the huzzy's eyes out! [*Exit, into Cottage.*

Gaw. Ha! ha! poor Mrs. G., like all women, jealous! jealous!

Mrs. G. [*Returns.*] What have you done with the hussy?

Gaw. Now don't spoil that pretty face.

Mrs. G. Don't pretty face me,—I'm not to be put off. Where is that girl? Where have you hid her?

Gaw. [*Laughing.*] Well, that's good! Who sent her for two bottles more of Rhenish, to be ready when our boy returned?

Mrs. G. Eh?

Gaw. I say, who sent her for two bottles more of Rhenish? Come, come! now see how jealous you are without a reason, when you know I am as innocent as a sucking-pig, and wouldn't touch any of the feminine gender but you, my dear, for the world.

Mrs. G. Then I'll give you a kiss to make it up; but you know, Gawinski, you will sometimes wink.

Gaw. Merely something the matter with my eye, dear, nothing more.

Re-enter MARINETTE, L., *on bridge.*

Mrs. G. [*Looking around.*] There she is!

Gaw. What, Podowowski?

Mrs. G. No, no!—Marinette been to look after Carl.

Mar. Though I hear his pipe, I cannot see him. [*Carl's pipe heard.*] There again! isn't that Carl's pipe?

Gaw. To be sure it is! Huzza—there's not another pipe like it in all Bohemia.

Mrs. G. I'm so glad he has returned, dear boy.

Enter CARL, *over bridge, with Wild Boy,* R.

Mar. There's somebody with him!

Gaw. To be sure! Father Jerome, from the college! don't you remember?

Mrs. G. Why, he looks quite wild, and he's all hairy.

Gaw. It is the Wild Boy, I do declare! I had a glimpse of him one day, as I passed through the wood. Here's a miracle!

Mar. Oh law! I'm quite frightened.

Mrs. G. So am I!

[*Carl comes forward,* R *followed by Wild Boy—Gawinski, Mrs. G., and Marinette, huddle together.*

Gaw. Can I believe my eyes?

Mrs. G. Why, boy, what have you got?

Carl. Got a fortune, Mother!—Ah, Father! ah, Marinette!

[*Embraces Marinette—Wild Boy imitates, and hugs Mrs. Gawinski.*

Mrs. G. Oh! oh!

Gaw. If he hasn't taken a fancy to Mrs. G.

Carl. Never fear, Mother, he's as docile as a lamb.—Wildy! Wildy! [*Plays pipe.*

[*Wild Boy leaves Mrs. Gawinski, and falls at Carl's feet.*

Gaw. Why, boy, in the name of the Virgin, what is the meaning of this?

Carl You shall hear; but I don't know where to begin first.—Well, in comes a bear,—no I came in first, and I wasn't a bear—and I got into a tree—yes—then—yes, that's it; in comes a bear, and the Baron, and his huntsmen, and they killed the bear.—Then out jumps Wildy, here, and looks terribly savage.—'Five hundred golden ducats,' says the Baron, 'to any one who takes him alive.' Then there was a jolly row, trying to take him, and Wildy knocking about him right and left;—then he fought with one, and nearly killed him, if he didn't quite, for he had such a topper.

Gaw. But where were you all this time?

Mrs. G. Ay!

Carl. Oh, up in a tree, shaking like a cowheel just boiled.—Well, then all was quiet—then Wildy cried over the bear—then a thought struck me how I tamed the wild bull once; so I struck up a tune on my tweedledum pipe, when up jumped Wildy, and after a good capering about—why—

All. What?

Carl. Why—here he is.

Gaw. Wonderful!

Carl. And won't it be wonderful when I take him to the Baron, and get the five hundred golden ducats—eh, Father?—eh, Mother?—eh, Marinette?

[*Music.—Villagers seen crossing bridge.*

Mar Here are the villagers again—they have heard your pipe, and they are coming to continue the dance.

Mrs. G. What will you do with the Wild Boy?

Carl. Leave him to me—I'll manage him. [*Villagers come forward.*] Welcome! welcome! Here you are again—and here am I.

Gaw. Ah, my little dears! [*Catches hold of girls.*

Mrs. G. Your little dears—I wish you'd remember, Mr. Gawinski!

Gaw. You remember Podowowski, Mrs. G.—Now for the favourite Cracoviac.

[*Marinette dances—Wildy springs forward, and imitates.—Villagers scream, one fainting—Gawinski supports her.*

Mrs. G. You're very handy, Mr G. [*Takes him away. Cratzlaw, bleeding, faint, and exhausted, seen on the bridge.*

Gaw. See, yonder! There's that villain Cratzlaw, coming over the bridge.

Carl. If he sees the Wild Boy, we are ruined; and I shall lose my five hundred golden ducats.

Mrs. G. Conceal him in the cottage.

Gaw. While I offer to conduct him to the castle.

Carl. Come along, Wildy!

[*Carl plays pipe softly on.—Wild Boy follows him into the cottage.*

Enter CRATZLAW, R.U.E.—*Gawinski, Mrs. G. and Villagers kneel.*

Cratz. Why kneel you thus to me? See, you note not that I am wounded? I want rest—lead me to your cottage.

Gaw. Our poor cottage is no place for one so great as you, sir. Come, wife, bring out some wine, and some lint, and my staff; and I'll see the gentleman on to the castle.

Cratz. Slaves! open the door, I say! or this arm, weak as it is, shall force it,—and if to-morrow's sun see not thy hovel levelled with the earth, my name is not Cratzlaw.

[*Approaches cottage.—Gawinski stands before it.*

Gaw. No, you don't, though! while I have strength to defend it; though you are the Baron's favourite, and I am only a poor postmaster.

Cratz. Take, then, the reward of thy temerity.

[*Wounds Gawinski.*

Mrs. G. Help! help!

Carl. [*From cottage.*] My father bleeding! never shall it be said that a son stood by and saw such an act, without resenting it, whoe'er may be the aggressor.

[*Rushes at Cratzlaw—Cratzlaw hurls him from him.*

Mrs. G. Help! Help!

[*The Wild Boy springs from the lower window of the cottage, seizes Cratzlaw's sword, and breaks it in two.*

Cratz. Ah! there again! yet I fear thee not—though my arm, as it were, is with a dead palsy smitten.

[*Cratzlaw and Wild Boy menace each other—Wild Boy seizes Cratzlaw by the throat, and shakes him.*

Carl. Bravo, Wildy! go it, Wildy!

[*Wild Boy hurls Cratzlaw to the earth, and stands over him exultingly.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Postmaster's Cottage.*

Enter GAWINSKI, CARL, *and* MARINETTE, L.

Gaw. What's to be done? [*To Carl.*] Where's the Wild Boy?

Carl. Fast asleep on some straw in the room at the back.

Mar. But is he secure?

Carl. No further than what sleep can make him. If I bound him, perhaps he'd get savage, and run back again into the forest: then where would my five hundred golden ducats be? Where's Mother?

Gaw. Attending the wounded, and, I am afraid, dying Cratzlaw. What is to be done, I know not; for, if he should die here, nothing would satisfy the vengeance of the Baron Leitzimer. My situation of postmaster would be forfeited, and we might all be tried for murder.

Mar. Here comes Mother-in-law.

Enter MRS. GAWINSKI, R.

Gaw. Is he still alive?

Mrs. G. He is: sleep at last has closed his eyes; but his breathing is short, the hand of death is on him.

Gaw. Alas! then we are lost for ever.

Carl. Say not so,—Father, you forget the five hundred golden ducats I told you the Baron offered to any one who would secure the Wild Boy. Now, suppose I go at once with him, get the gold, and then, come what will, that will make us happy all our lives.

Gaw. It would;—suppose you go, then.

Mrs. G. Cratzlaw, in his agony, often says—'Let me nfess—he is——'

Gaw. What?

Mrs. G. The words die upon his breath—nothing distinctly can I understand.—Yet I make out, 'Take me to the Castle,—'twas he that bade me.' Depend upon it, there is something horrible on his conscience, that must and will come out.

Carl. Suppose we at once form a litter, and call in the villagers, and take him up to the Castle before he does die—tell the whole truth, throw ourselves upon the Baron's clemency, and who knows but that, instead of five hundred ducats, he may make it six hundred.

Mrs. G. There is sense in what the boy says.

Gaw. Takes after his father

Mar. And I'll go with you.

Carl. To be sure; we'll all go, and you shall carry the gold.

Gaw. At once; we can soon make a litter.

Carl. And remember,—all of us down on our knees.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Apartment in the Baron Leitzimer's Castle—At back, casement open.—Balcony.—Moonlight.—Distant view of the Carpathian Mountains.*

COUNTESS CZARTORYSKI *discovered, sitting near the Window.*

Coun. Glide on, fair moon, and with thy silvery tints light some happier clime. Why look'st thou at me, and, like a spectre with a fleecy cloud for a winding-sheet, remindest me of days long gone by? Ah! thou hast liberty, and in the regions of boundless space—

Enter PLOTZKO, R.

Plotz. The Baron, Madame, desired me to say——

Coun. Dancest thy merry round?

Plotz. She talks about dancing a merry round! That's a sport I very much like;—only I must say, with all due deference to her ladyship, there hasn't been much of it of late in the castle, and yet——

Coun. Yet thou art but a vassal to thy mighty master—the monarch of the earth—the wondrous sun——

Plotz. She's quizzing me.—Vassal to the monarch of the earth—the wondrous sun. I'll speak louder and bolder.—Madame, the Baron——

Coun. [*Rising indignantly.*] Well, sirrah! and what of the Baron?

Plotz. He says, Madame—I mean your Ladyship—that he will do himself the honour to wait on you, with your permission.

Coun. With my permission? Desire your master not to mock me, fellow. Am I not his prisoner? Begone, nor henceforth with insult break upon my privacy.

Plotz. I—I—I—I'll say what you say, Madame—I mean your Ladyship. [*Retreats to wing, the Countess resuming her seat.*] Some men have a taste, certainly, but, if I caged a bird, it should be a linnet, that could sing like my little Jejowski. [*Exit*, R.

Coun. When will my sufferings end? Widowed of all I loved—a husband and my child! and now, when the leaf is in the sear, and the mind seeks for repose, to be compelled to hear the fulsome adulations of a villain, who, under the specious pretext of being my friend, and solacing me in my afflictions, ensnared me into his power.

[*Door opens.*

Enter Baron Leitzimer, L.

Coun. He comes. Now let my proud heart hold high its seat within my breast; nor let a woman's weakness fear the glance of a tyrant's eye, nor quail beneath a tyrant's power.

Baron. [*Advancing.*] Still contemplating those heavenly bodies, fair lady, which, like thyself, give light to darkness, and make the space wherein they move shine with tenfold brightness.

Coun. [*Rising.*] I thought the Baron Leitzimer but yesterday did promise me that I should henceforth be left to muse alone, and meditate on my past misfortunes, and not have to hear how one who profess'd himself my friend could play the hypocrite.

Baron. The hypocrite! why so hard, fair lady? Wherein have I displayed hypocrisy? Would you have me plainer with you?

Coun. I understand you too well, already. On what pretence do you deprive me of my liberty, and detain me here against my will?

Baron. Because I love you. Do we not all wish to possess the things we love? Is not the linnet caged for its melody, and the peacock for its beauty?

Coun. I'll hear no more.—Leave me! The widow of the man you swore, when alive, was your only friend!—'Tis an insult to his memory thus to listen to you.

Baron. True, indeed! he was my friend, and the love I bore to him I now but transfer to you. An insult to his memory! How a good action may be misconstrued!—I thought loving that which thy husband loved, was respect,

not insult. Your husband and myself, as friends, were one; if, then, you did love your husband, who, alas! is now no more, thou shouldst love me; being, as it were, thy husband's living self.

Coun. Thy sophistry shall be of no avail. E'en did I think thou wert sincere, I could not love thee. At the altar I swore to be Czartoryski's wife, and his alone; and no other shall pollute the hand and heart that once were his.

Baron. Indeed, fair Lady!—I am sorry for thy oath; for know, proud beauty, this night thou shalt be mine. The priest is on his journey, the banquet is being prepared, and mine thou shalt be.

Coun. Never!

Baron. No, not never, but to-night, fair Lady.

Coun. Villain! Now is the veil removed from mine eyes. 'Tis not my love, hypocrite, as I know thou art, but my wealth, my domains, and my claim upon thine estate for moneys long since borrowed by thee of the man whose memory thou wouldst now repay with black ingratitude. But, sooner than thou shalt triumph in my misery, this body will I give to the gulf that now roars beneath thy castle walls.

[*Rushes to casement, and stands on couch.*

Baron. Ah!

Coun. Approach but one step, and my death shall be registered to thy dread account.

Baron. [*Aside.*] Confusion! [*To Countess.*] What wouldst thou do? Descend—I will not molest thee.

Coun. Swear!

Baron. I swear.

Coun. 'Tis well—retire, and leave me to myself.

Bar. [*Approaches Countess and kneels.*] In penitence on my knees, let me beg.

[*Seizes her hand, and stands between her and the window.*

Coun. Ah! what? Am I then betrayed?

Baron. [*Calling.*] What ho! Plotzko! Cratzlaw! Didst think, fair beauty, to escape me?

Coun. Didst thou not swear?

Bar. I did, to save thy neck.

Coun. Perfidious wretch!

Enter PLOTZKO *and* BRUTZ, R.

Baron. Secure this haughty fair one in the oaken chamber.

Coun. Then am I lost for ever.

Baron. After making all secure, you, Plotzko, return to me. [*Exeunt Plotzko and Brutz, with Countess,* R. This night shall end all my cares.—Fool that I have been to tamper so long with my desires.

Plotz. [*Re-entering.*] She is quite safe, my Lord.

Baron. Where is Cratzlaw?

Plotz. Not yet returned, my Lord.

Baron. [*Apart.*] Strange! he cannot have betrayed me, and fled?—No, some accident may have happened to him, and he may now be bleeding to death—then will the secret flow away with his blood. Yet is there not danger? He shall be sought for. Plotzko, bid my Huntsmen go and seek for Cratzlaw.

Plotz. Yes, my Lord. [*Exit Plotzko,* L.

Baron. The Countess mine—and mine she shall be, as far as holy bonds can make her—then will her husband's wealth and all be safe. 'Tis what my ambition these many years has yearned for—'tis the highest pinnacle of my hopes, and this night shall see me the richest lord in all Bohemia. [*Exit,* R.

SCENE III.—*Antechamber in the Castle.*

Enter PLOTZKO, R.

Plotz. I have delivered my message, and off they have gone in search of Mister Cratzlaw. All's not as right as it should be, that's very clear, yet all's a riddle to me! First, the Baron ill brooks the lady's haughty answers; second, Cratzlaw, the Baron's favourite, gone no one knows where; third, the chapel being rubbed up that has had no one it, they say, since my last lady died.—Indeed, all's an enigma, and as hard to find out as a woman's love. There's my Jejowski—I love her, that's very true, but whether she loves me or not is more than I can find out. Indeed, what is woman but an enigma that has puzzled all mankind, from Adam the first down to my unhappy self.

SONG.—PLOTZKO.

Is not a woman, I pray,
An enigma that puzzles the mind?
You may guess her all night and all day,
But never the truth will you find.
First she'll coax you,
Then hoax you,

Then please you,
Then teaze you;
In the morning she'll say what at night she'll deny,
And if you ask her the reason she cannot tell why,
Any more than the cat and the fiddle;
Which clearly shows
The likeness you trace,
As plain as the nose
Which stands on your face,
That a woman, a woman's a riddle.

To church a maiden I took,
Who to wedlock felt rather inclin'd;
But, when the parson had open'd his book,
'Oh!' she said—'Sir, I've altered my mind.'
Thus they coax you, &c.

Enter JEJOWSKI, L.

Jejow. Indeed, Mr. Plotzko; and is that your opinion of us women, with all your gallantry? Though it is somewhat true; for, if we poor girls believed all you men say, I'm afraid we should be like the poor crow in the fable, who listened to the flattery of a sly old fox.

Pltoz. You don't compare, I hope, an innocent-looking creature like me to a sly old fox—I never heard of such a thing.

Jejow. No? Then you shall, and tell me if there isn't some truth in it:—only mind the moral.

Plotz. I'm fond of morals.

SONG.—JEJOWSKI.

A fox stroll'd out one summer's day,
Fal lal—
To see what fools he could betray,
Fal lal—
It happened that, among some trees,
A crow sat perch'd, quite at her ease,
And in her mouth she held some cheese,
Fal lal.

'Dear me,' said he to Mrs. Crow,
Fal lal—
'How beautiful, my dear, you grow,
Fal lal—
How my heart it would rejoice
If I only heard your pretty voice;
I know, my dear, you've got a choice,—
Fal lal.'

The crow she blush'd, and look'd genteel,
Fal lal—
And quite forgot her dainty meal,
Fal lal—
Poor silly bird, she tried to please,
So op'd her mouth, and dropp'd her cheese,
Which the fox soon nibbled up with ease,
Fal lal.

MORAL.

Now, maidens all, a warning take,
Fal lal—
For, mind, a fox is but a rake,
Fal lal—
And let the crow a moral teach—
Ne'er heed what a sly old fox may preach,
But mind your cheese when out of reach—
Fal lal.

Bumb. [*Without.*] Murder! Murder!

Plotz. Oh, see, here's Bumboski, the cook, crying murder, and running this way like a madman!

Jejow. What can the matter be?

Enter BUMBOSKI, L., *running.*

Bumb. Save me! Save me!

Plotz. What's the matter?

Jejow. What's the matter, Mr. Bumboski?

Bumb. Oh, he's coming—he's coming!

[*Creeps on his knees into a closet.*

Plotz. What can it be?—[*Looks off,* L.] Mur—mur—murder! See—see!

Jejow. [*Looking off,* L.] Oh law! oh dear! Oh, it's the—the—

[*Plotzko and Jejowski cling together, frightened.*

Enter CARL *and* WILD BOY, L.

Carl. What's the matter?—It's only a friend of mine. Ha! ha!—why, you're as frightened as the fat cook, who took to his heels and ran this way.

[*Wild Boy sees the legs of Bumboski projecting from the closet, and drags him from his hiding-place.*

Bumb. Murder! murder! I'm dead! I'm dead!

Carl. Ha! ha! there he is!

[*Wild Boy plays several antics with Bumboski, pulling off his wig with his teeth, &c.*

Bumb. Oh! oh!

Carl. You may as well take it patiently—he likes titbits like you, and I know he has had nothing to eat these four-and-twenty hours.

Plotz. What have you brought him here for?

Carl. Why, the Baron offered five hundred golden ducats to any brave fellow who would bring him alive;—and the deed has been reserved for me and my pipe.

[*Wild Boy releases Bumboski, and runs to Jejowski, seizing her scarf.*

Jejow. Oh! oh! oh dear!

Plotz. Come, Mister Carl, you be off, with your friend, to the Baron, as soon as you please.

Carl. Law! he won't hurt her.

[*Wild Boy partly pulls off Jejowski's scarf, playing with it and admiring it.*

Jejow. Poor fellow, how he admires it!

Plotz. He's getting too familiar—and, hang me, if I stand it. [*Attempts to take Jejowski away—Wild Boy seizes him, and lifts him up.*] Oh! oh!

Carl. You ought not to meddle, then.

[*Carl helps him down, and laughs.*

TRIO.—CARL, JEJOWSKI, *and* PLOTZKO.

Carl. Never fear.
Plotz. [*To Jejow.*] You came here,
For strange stories people tell us—
Jejow. Mister P.
I plainly see
You're, my dear, a little jealous.
With a fal lal la.

Plotz. Mrs. P.
It's plain to me,
With love's fire you would inflame him.
Jejow. I don't see why
I should not try
If a little coaxing will not tame him.
With a fal lal la.

[*Exeunt*, R., *Jejowski leading off Wild Boy with her scarf, Plotzko and Carl following.*

SCENE IV.—*The Chapel in the Castle; in centre, altar. Vassals bearing torches, &c., discovered.*

Enter the BARON, L.

Baron. Now all is prepared, and naught prevents the

consummation of my wishes but the arrival of the tardy priest. 'Tis past the hour I fixed for his coming. Bid the Countess to come hither. [*To Domestic, who goes off,* R.] Now will I see how a prison wall has advanced my cause. When a woman will not yield, she must be tamed to acquiescence.

Re-enter Domestic, with COUNTESS, R.

Coun. Why drag me from my prison? Solitude is far preferable to your society.

Baron. I have sent for thee to give thee life, liberty, and happiness—to make the knee of every menial here bend to thee. [*Noise without.*

Enter PLOTZKO, L.

Plotz. My lord, my lord! he will come this way.

Baron. Who?

Plotz. Carl, the postmaster's son,—and—

Baron. Ah! the priest?—'Tis well.—Delay shall no longer be an impediment to my hopes.—Quick, bid him approach.

Plotz. Here!—but, my lord—

Baron. Quick!

Plotz. Oh, law—he's coming! [*Exit, running off,* R.

Coun. Never shall you triumph; for here do I protest, in the presence of thy vassals, and in the presence of Him who hears and sees all, that I will not consent to become thy wife.

Carl. [*Without.*] Come along, Wildy,

Baron. What do I see? The Wild Boy! and tamely yielding to the guidance of a clown.

Enter CARL, *with* WILD BOY, R.

Carl. That's right, Wildy—He's as well-behaved as if he had been to boarding-school.

[*Wild Boy runs about in astonishment.*

Baron. [*To Vassals.*] Ah! seize him!

[*Vassals attempt to seize Wild Boy—he takes two up, and throws them to the ground.*

Carl. It's no use, my lord—only leave it to me: a tune upon my tweedleum pipe will make all right.

[*Carl blows his pipe—Wildy dances about, till, suddenly seeing the Countess, he becomes frantic, and, after gazing at her with admiration, he throws himself at her feet.*

Carl. I declare if he isn't beginning to get fond of the

ladies! The Baron will be jealous;—then where will be my five hundred golden ducats?

Enter PLOTZKO, L.

Plotz. Father Jerome has arrived, my lord, and awaits your bidding.

Baron. Hasten him to our presence. [*To Carl.*] And you, slave, lead thy prize without; and, for thy courage or ingenuity, which ever it may be, my promised reward of five hundred golden ducats shall be thine.

Carl. Shall they? Then come along, Rough-and-tough. [*Aside.*] I wonder where my father and mother are all this time, with Mister Cratzlaw. Now, Wildy—he don't hear—oh, I forgot he only understands the pipe language.

[*Plays his pipe—Wild Boy starts up and flies to Carl, but returns to the Countess, and again throws himself at her feet.*

Coun. With what affection the poor creature throws himself at my feet, and seems to sympathize with my misfortunes! If it had the power of speech, it would seem to say, 'I pity thee.'

Baron. As he proves harmless, let him stay.

Carl. Yes, my lord. [*Aside.*] I'll stay, too—I'm not going to be done out of my five hundred golden ducats.

Baron. Now, fair lady, the Priest has come, to make thee mine for ever.

Coun. If he be indeed the vicegerent of Heaven, then naught have I to fear, for no holy man will tie the hands of one who swears she never will be thine.

Baron. Indeed, fair lady! Priests do as they are bid, when they that bid them can undo them.

Coun. More shame to the power that makes them the agents of iniquity.

Baron. He comes.

Enter CZARTORYSKI, R., *disguised as Father Jerome.*

Baron. Welcome, holy father. Thou hast come but with leaden feet, methinks; but age is perhaps thy excuse.

Czar. Not so, mighty Baron; but, as I journeyed near that part of the forest that lies within two short roads of thy domain, a holy cross did impede my way, and on it I read that it was erected to commemorate some foul murder that had been committed near the spot. Then did I bend my knee, and prayed that he who came upon the earth to wash away the sins of the wicked, would, in

that awful day when the grave shall deliver up its dead, intercede for the soul of him who shall bear the mark of murderer.

Baron. Horror! horror! hold thy wild rhaspody.

Coun. How terror seems to shake his whole frame!

Czar. 'Tis guilt, which, like a reed, is shaken by the slightest breath.

Cratz. [*Without.*] Lead me to him.

Baron. What form is that, and so ghastly?

Enter CRATZLAW, R., *supported by* GAWINSKI, MRS GAWINSKI, *and* MARINETTE.

Coun. [*Aside.*] He enters like a weak and wounded beast of prey; but with a burden that encumbers not the less guilty animal. His, I perceive, are mental tortures, and his chief struggle is to get rid of them—his great agony to endure them.

Cratz. It is thy slave – thy creature, Cratzlaw.

Baron. What, art thou come to mock me, too? This should be my marriage feast; but wormwood is in my cup of joy. If it be not mockery to talk of joy, when spectres of the past appear to haunt me, when the present is an agonizing perplexity, and clouds lour drearily over the future—if future there be for me!

Cratz. Hear me!

[*Wild Boy sees Cratzlaw, and endeavours to seize him, but is restrained by Vassals.*

Carl. Here'll be another mess!—Oh, my five hundred golden ducats!

Cratz. There again! Keep him from me!—'Tis he—his hand is on my throat. I said my knife had drank his blood, but heaven preserved him. [*Falls before the Countess.*] Oh, pardon! pardon me! I was commissioned to take his life. He who would be thy husband bade me; but providence interposed.

Coun. Speak! What is't thou meanest? Oh, agony!

Cratz. [*Pointing to Wild Boy.*] He is—he is thy son!

[*Dies.*

Coun. Merciful heaven! My child! my long-lost boy! Instinct brought him to my feet. He felt the tie of which I also should not have been unconscious. The force of nature kindled in him the instantaneous feeling of love. [*Embraces Wild Boy.*] My boy!

Czar. [*Aside, and narrowly observing the Countess.*] Woe hath been with her; but it leaves unscathed the lofty soul; and the resignation which chastened her passions has

had no deadening influence on her affections. How my heart yearns towards her, and the poor boy!

Baron. Is this a dream? The boy alive!

Coun. [*Aside, and, in her turn, strongly scrutinizing Czartoryski.*] That form! that air! mysterious fancies thrill me! Has murder restored its victim? Has the grave given up its prey? And in the tones of that voice was there not something in other times prized and familiar—the spell of once beloved but long-lost music?

Mrs. G. [*To Carl and her husband.*] I said there was something.

Carl. Hush! I shall have nothing if you speak—let us only listen—Isn't it all wonderful?

Baron. Then is my conscience lightened of one crime; but his father's blood still crimsons my guilty soul. By my hand he fell.

Czar. [*Throws off disguise.*] But was by Heaven preserved!

Baron. The Count Czartoryski!

Coun. My husband!

TABLEAU.

[*The Baron stands conscience-stricken—The Count and Countess embrace—The Wild Boy kneels between his parents, who, filled with joy, lift up their hands in thanks to heaven.—Slow Music, as Curtain drops.*

THE END.

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